

Big 1921 Harvest Sale

Starts November 17th, and last fifteen days, at The New York Bargain House.

Our buyers have been in the northern markets where they have been purchased the cream of bargains for the Harvest Sale, consisting of Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Dry Goods, Ladies' and Children's Coats, Suits and Dresses at very low prices. Now is the time to buy. The old adage, "Never leave off for tomorrow that which you can do today," finds added significance in the present merchandise situation. The habit of waiting for a lower price used to be a virtue, but now a vice, or extravagance.

Lot of rompers..... 39c	\$2.50 counterpanes..... \$1.29	Lot \$5.00 silk skirts..... \$1.95	Lot men's Sox..... 8c
Yard wide sheeting..... 6c	Lot 25c good percale, in all colors..... 10c	Good quality outing..... 12 1/2c	Lot extra quality towels to go at..... 5c
Men's overcoats in all sizes, colors and prices, as low as..... \$5.95	One lot men's all wool serge suits, while they last..... \$10.42		
1 lot men's assorted hats to go at..... 95c	1 lot ladies hose..... 8c		

New York Bargain House
ROCKINGHAM, N. C.

Missionary Meeting at Raeford

(Contributed)
The Annual District Meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society, Rockingham District, was held in Raeford on Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 8th and 9th, Miss Georgia Biggs, Secretary, presiding.

This was one of the best meetings ever held on the district, full of enthusiasm and zeal for the work, as well as helpful and inspiring.

There were enrolled 58 delegates from adult and young people's societies of the district, together with several women representing children's societies. Quite a number of visitors came over from nearby towns to the services on Wednesday.

We had with us Miss Lillie Duke representing the young people's work of our conference. Also Miss Elizabeth Lamb, of Fayetteville, a returned missionary, and Miss Ellen Gainey, also of Fayetteville, one of our deaconesses.

It will be interesting to know that the meeting will be held in Maxton next fall, at which time Miss Sallie Lou McKinnon, our District Missionary to China, will be home on furlough, and will be present at the meeting. She went to China about four years ago, and this will be her first trip back home.

Ful-o-Pep Scratch Grain. Very fine chicken food; made by the Quaker Oats Co. Try a 100-lb. bag for \$3.00, at the U-Save-It Store.

ARMISTICE DAY

Continued From Front Page.

speech by quoting the beautiful short story from the pen of William Allen White, and this is given in full further along in this article.

In the afternoon the colored people held exercises in the colored Methodist church, and it was also packed. The colored school headed by a score of ex-service men, paraded through the streets of the town before repairing to the church. Atty. Ozmer L. Henry, who for many months was in Y. M. C. A. work in India, made the address of the day.

There were about 40 service men who attended the white exercises in the morning, but the POST-DISPATCH was unable to get the names of some; the following are those we noted:

Lt. Don Phillips.
M. I. Griffith, Bat. E, 313th.
J. W. Hammond, Co. B, 167th 42nd div.
R. A. Buckles, Co. H, 118th 30th div.
W. W. Ormond, 7th A. A. battery, 10th Sector.
B. H. Copeland, Co. L, 323rd, 81st div.
J. C. Clarke, Hq. Army in Germany.
W. L. Parsons, Jr., Co. C, 324th, 81st div.
W. N. Everett, Jr., F. A. C. O. T. S.
Minor T. Hinson, 2nd Lt. Inf. ade-de camp.
Walter L. Scales, Jr., 2nd Lt. Co. A, 328th, 82nd div.
Louis E. Youngblood, 1st Lt. Bn. Adj. 167th 42nd div.
H. S. Steadman, Ensign (P.C.) U. S. N. R. F.
R. P. McKeithen, Sub. Supply Officer, Atlanta.
E. H. Sparks, 147th Aero Squadron, 1st pursuit group.

Goodie Hudson, Mch, 115th 40th div.
Arthur Morgan, 476 Motor Truck Co., 419 Motor Supply Train.
J. E. Young, Bat. A.
G. E. Moss, Co. S, 119th.
Pratus Leo Shankle.
James T. Lovin, Co. A, 144th mg. bn. 40th div.
W. V. Spence, 118th, 30th div.
W. L. Lampley, Camp Jackson, G. M. C. Holland Jacobs.
Ralph W. Hunsworth, Co. B, 345th Bat. talion, Tank Corps.
Z. O. Ingram, Co. H, 321st, 81st div.
O. C. Jacobs, Co. H, 1st div.
James Richard Gathings, Co. E, 119th, 30th div.
Lindsay R. Pate, Co. D, 28th, 1st div.
J. R. Webster, Co. E, 105th Engineers, 30th div.
James V. Russell Co. C, 306th Field Signal Bn. 81st div.

The following is the story by Wm. Allen White that Mr. Everett quoted in his speech:

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER.

She would not put the gold star in her window, for her son was only missing. Some day, she thinks, he will return. His comrades came back, most of them—and in their Legion post they speak of him as dead. But his mother will not put the gold star in the window.

This fall she is running the farm alone. The war is receding. Last fall only a few neighbors came to help her, and two years ago the Legion boys just back from the war came out from town in a great truck to gather and shuck her corn. Now they have their own problems. But in 1918, when the news that her boy was missing came, the whole township gathered to help her with her fall work and the "Gazette" printed an item about the fine neighborly spirit of it, and moralized upon the way the war was lifting us out of ourselves, and, in spite of its cruelty and barbarism, was teaching us the divine habit of fellowship. That was to be the foundation of the new haven and the new earth; that was God's gift to men for the pain and wrack of the war—three years ago.

She likes to tell about the way he hummed and whistled in the spring four years ago. He rode his wheel into town and back every evening—three miles each way—that spring. The town was deeply excited. The meetings, the drives, the British soldiers and the French coming to town to tell of the war, the President's great messages, the atrocities, the fear of the rule of kings, the vision of a war to end all wars set the boy's heart athrob. So he hummed and whistled about his work, and his mother could feel the rise of a tide in his soul. At the last she says it was just one tune that buzzed upon his lips, the old Sunday school verse that sings:

I gave, I gave My blood for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?

Over and over, during the week of the Red Cross drive when the town was a caldron of emotion, the boy kept humming that tune and whistling it about the house, around the barn, and as he stalked across the fields.

And then—it had to happen. He came home one evening an enlisted soldier. She was proud. How high she held her head in the neighborhood! And in those days how proud the neighborhood was for her and of her who had given so exaltedly for God's peace on this earth. When the news came that he was missing, we all told her that he was not dead. Indeed, our faith in the immortality of his consecration kept

our voices firm.

She was alone in the field last week until after sundown, night after night, gathering her corn. She could not afford to hire a man to help her, with corn bringing only thirty cents a bushel. And she was up before dawn to get her cream out on the six o'clock train. The chickens will keep her, but she will wear her black straw hat to Bethel church all winter. Still she is a singing woman, and goes about her work in the field and in the yard and in the house singing her gentle old tunes; mostly old hymn tunes. Her boy had that singing habit—only with him it took the form also of whistling. But sometimes, under his breath like the drone of a bee, she used to hear his song. Whenever he was wrought up, he crawled into himself and whistled out.

He was just an average soldier.

Said a soldier letter from the company: "We couldn't break that boy from whistling or singing. Whenever we got into a dangerous place he began that miserable old hymn tune about 'I gave, I gave.' That's the last we heard of him as his bunch mixed with the Heinies one night in No Man's Land."

Often she sits at night until late sewing before the fire, sewing and thinking of her son. The ache of her loss, the agony of the thousand stabs of excruciating memory of him about the house and on the place never stop torturing her. Yet she is a singing woman. And she croons at her work:

I gave, I gave My Son for thee,
What has thou given for Me?

Possibly she knows he will not return. Three years have passed

since his comrades saw him, nearly four now. They have forgotten. The world has forgotten. But because of the faith that is in her she knows that God has not forgotten. "I am the resurrection and the life," she whispers, and she knows that this was spoken even for nations, even for eras, even for civilization, even for lost souls.

So she does not put the gold star in the window, for he is only missing. And maybe, at least we may hope, the great God knows for the lost soul of the world what the mother knows for the lost body that she loved.

If only they who sit in the seats of the mighty could feel this mother's hope, if only the grand persons in the world conference in Washington could know what she knows, what a world this might be!

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

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A triumphant achievement—N. Y. Times.

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